

Relation, 1963-1971

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“The sea has been my playground and my laboratory.” Thus was the beginning of my essay for the National Merit Scholarship award in 1962. And, though a bit clichéd, it was true. Since adolescence, I was constantly at the beaches south of Newport Beach, California, tidepooling, spearfishing, snorkeling, body-surfing, and just watching waves, as well as doing some serious underage drinking while camping on the beach with my buddies. I owned a copy of Ricketts *Between Pacific Tides*, and I collected and sold marine specimens to a scientific supply house in Monterey. I became a ‘Sea Scout’ and spent my summers at our base in Newport Beach, sailing, repairing boats, canoeing and rowing, until they kicked me out for “misbehavior” (we rowed our big, 12-man whaleboat out to sea, and since I was the skipper, I was punished when we were caught).e

I did not become a Merit Scholar, but I was admitted to Stanford, UC Berkeley, and Brown University. All of these schools offered scholarships, but believing it was “the best,” I chose Stanford where my scholarship entailed a work requirement, but most expenses were covered beyond what my parents could ‘afford’. I was admitted into Stanford’s new BS in Marine Sciences Honors program.

Stanford

Living in the Otero House at Stanford fall of 1963, I met an astonishing (for me) variety of young men and women. I was no longer the “smartest guy in the room,” but quite average. My roommate had gone to Choate, an elite prep school back East, and soon I got to know the Andover and Exeter guys and other elites. I gravitated towards these scions of American wealth, hiding the fact I was a “scholarship boy”, somehow pretending I was one of them, too, just from Southern California. I played with boys like Yo-Yo Uilein (Schlitz Beer) and Tashi Yamada (Yamada Steel), among many others of

similar background. I am sure they knew I was not one of them, but somehow they allowed me into their pack.

I spent almost all my time drinking and playing bridge, hardly attending class or even the sailing club I had joined. I was almost kicked out after one quarter and put on probation. Because of my C- in Calculus, I was dropped from the marine science program.

Somehow I survived my freshman year, mostly by not drinking, not playing bridge, and going to class. At year's end I pledged a fraternity called Beta Chi, a notoriously bohemian, rebellious (they even pledged a black student and were expelled from their national, Sigma Nu) group of Stanford's most interesting young men.

My second year at Stanford I took a room in the fraternity house, a massive old three story structure with a basement. Beta Chi was a different sort of fraternity from all the others at Stanford. very intellectual. I learned to discuss and argue interesting philosophies and political theories. Gradually, I saw that my former conservatism was a sham unable to withstand serious scrutiny.

Several important events occurred. First, as a scholarship boy, I had to work as a waiter at evening meals. Waiting on my colleagues disgusted and humiliated me, so I changed to dishwashing, a delightful, meditative occupation that has served me well to maintain my life. Also, the job took place out of the eyes of my 'brothers'.

Second, the girlfriend of my neighbor, Ross Roberts (Bemis Bags), introduced me to Suzy Janss, heir to one of the great California fortunes (the Janss Investment Company once owned most of Ventura County, then got rid of their cows and put in people paying mortgages on the houses Janss built). When Beta Chi held a Yosemite Weekend party, I was expected to take Suzy. I did not have the \$100 fee, nor could I ask Suzy to pay (though she easily could have). Fortunately at this time, the Mexican bracero program had ended, stranding thousands of California farmers without agricultural labor. An upperclassman friend, Bill Hayes, told me about picking strawberries in Salinas, that he was going, and that I was welcome to come along. I picked strawberries for most of a week and became a very good picker, earning \$1.30 an hour as well as a 35 cent crate bonus (Bill got demoted to picking "jam berries," just

hourly). I earned my \$100 and then some. On the way back, I remember Bill saying of the experience, "This is what makes a man into a Communist." I agreed.

The second day at Yosemite, my friend Charlie Wetzel, scion of Philadelphia old money and a diplomat family, Charlie's girl, Suzy, and I took a long walk exploring Yosemite. At that time, I sported a Basque beret. At the base of Angel Falls, Suzy grabbed my hat and tossed it frisbee style to Charlie. I ran at Charlie, who then threw the beret back to Suzy. This great fun went on until one or the other gave my hat back. My thought at that moment was that I had not had any fun at all, and that I was just a plaything of the rich. This thought ruined the moment for sure and did not leave me for the rest of the weekend. Then, at the next great drunken frat party, I managed to wreck Suzy's Porsche, and that was that with her.

The last important event that year was my attending Vietnam War Teach-ins held at Stanford in 1965. I had formerly paid little attention to foreign affairs or national politics. However, these teach-ins opened my eyes to the unfolding tragedy in Vietnam, and I was repelled by what our country was doing to innocent people. Due to my Salinas experience, I felt that communism should be just fine for the Vietnamese if they wanted to do that.

After two years at Stanford, I had learned to be a strawberry picker and a dishwasher. I was pretty good at bridge and I could hold my own drinking. To be thorough, I did learn to write (thanks to Professor Paul Polhemus' Honors English). I had rubbed elbows with America's best and brightest youth, or at least the wealthiest, and I had little use for most of them. I felt my country was on a bad road, and I did not want any part of it. I was suffocating and felt I had to get out.

Spain

I found out about a one-year program at the University of Madrid called "Curso de Estudios Hispánicos para Extranjeros" (Hispanic Studies Course for Foreigners), a phrase I loved saying. The tuition was nominal and the cost of living in Spain would be little compared to the U.S. (I lived well on less than \$100/month). The university in Spain accepted me. I wrote my draft board that I would not be attending Stanford, but another accredited, though foreign, university. They promptly drafted me! Fortunately, I

was still on probation for underage drinking, so I was deemed “Morally unfit for military service” and was free to go to Spain, quite a fortunate irony.

I had been speaking Spanish since age 12 with the barrio boys (better to join them than fight them) and had studied in high school and college. Still, when I crossed into Spain on the train from Paris, I found I could not understand even the simplest “Allá está un barco” a little girl said to me as we travelled through Bilbao. I recall one afternoon going down the Metro steps in downtown Madrid and just ‘disappearing’, weeks later coming up the steps and discovering myself anew. But, this new self was practically fluent in Spanish!

It was somewhat difficult living in Fascist Spain ruled by Generalissimo Fernando Franco (once I was beaten for kissing a girl and during a student riot I was ‘shot’ by a water canon, my roommate arrested and charged with instigating the riot), but I survived, even thrived—making good friends and enjoying wonderful relationships with Spanish men and gorgeous young women: an American, a Spaniard, a French-Canadian, and a German. Due to an address mix-up, I ceased receiving my \$100 checks from my parents and was forced to go to work teaching English, which I loved doing. Sometimes my students would ask a question about English that I could not answer, then I would ponder and ponder and when, in a flash, I got the answer (usually while riding the metro), they had forgotten the question.

Another feature was the relative freedom of the press, at least in international reporting. The news I read solidified my opposition to the Vietnam War. The Europeans had no illusions about the illegality of that unjust war.

LSD, Draft Resistance, & Satori

I had been offered a job on an apple farm in Asturias (NE province of Spain) for the summer; however, my parents finally got in touch with me. They had not disowned me after all, but just did not realize that the European ‘7’ with a dash to differentiate from a ‘1’ was not an ‘F’! They sent me a full-fare ticket from Madrid to Los Angeles, stopping over in Lisbon. So, I figured it was time to go home.

Returning to California in June, I met up with old friends who had ‘discovered’ LSD and invited me to partake. I loved it, and felt that it offered a kind of salvation and enlightenment. Over the summer, I took several trips.

When school started again and I returned to Beta Chi, I found that LSD was in full use, at least by a subset, and marijuana as well. Ironically, back in 1965, when I was the Fraternity Council representative for Beta Chi, we held a meeting at the Esalen Hot Springs Resort in Big Sur. I got very drunk (and disorderly) on wine at dinner, and was asked to leave. On my way to my cabin, I met two genuine hippies, Spiderman and Spiderwoman, who sold me some pot. Back at the fraternity, I “turned on” my best friends, only to receive approbation from the brothers in the basement, who had been smoking for the whole year and lambasted me for making marijuana ‘public’!

I really don’t recall much about the acid trips that fall, just that quickly I no longer experienced the elation I had felt earlier, and I covered the loss by taking more and more acid. Of course, I changed my major to Art, but had little aptitude and finally little interest. At that time, Stanford was seething with philosophical schools, and lots of various ‘free’ lectures which I attended, as well as anti-war activities. Nevertheless, I became disillusioned with Stanford and decided to drop out and go to Mexico, find a beach, and become one with the universe. I was not worried about the draft because at the start of the school year, I just walked right by the table to sign up for student deferments, scorning the long line of young men waiting in long lines to avoid going to Vietnam.

I travelled by bus to San Blas, Mexico, and walked from the town plaza straight to the beach, then took up residence in the cover of an empty lifeguard stand (it was late Fall). After a meal in town, I returned to my beach and dropped acid. An incredibly ‘bad trip’ ensued. Everything was dark and threatening. I was not in control of my body and actually stumbled around. I bumped into a fishing boat on the beach and was repelled by the sight and smell of dead fish. At one point, I blundered into someone’s yard, and a dog bit me. Finally I found an open restaurant and sat in the corner, eating beans, watching people. There were some college braggarts in the room, making noise, making fun. They were ugly. In fact, almost everyone in the restaurant was ugly.

Then, in the door walked the most beautiful man I had ever seen. He was tall, bearded, and black, and he was shrouded in light. I instantly fell in love and knew I had to follow him.

Richard Thorne was a yogi from the Bay Area, maybe Oakland, and he had come to San Blas to practice religious austerities—a more guided and practical version of my own plan. For a living, he taught English at the local school. Children loved him, as did the men and women of the village. He maintained a tiny ashram with a handful of ‘hippy’ followers, myself included, as I had abandoned by lifeguard station and moved in. One night he took two of us into the jungle where he sat in deep meditation while we watched over. Most strikingly, while I was eaten up by the mosquitos, he was not bitten at all!

Richard told me that LSD was a false enlightenment, rather like being suddenly elevated to the top of a mountain for a moment, then falling back to the plain. A true seeker has to carefully climb the foothills before trying the mountain. He counseled me to not use these drugs and to practice yoga, mostly by which he meant meditation, *raja yoga*, the yoga of kings. I returned to Stanford and never did acid again.

This time I did not live at Beta Chi. Instead, I got a room in exchange for work for a Stanford English professor and applied myself diligently to my studies. For cash, I got a job at the Stanford Faculty Club and to save money, I ate from the plates before the dishwasher got to them—good stuff, steak, lobster, prime rib. I also stole from the pastry cases, so my diet consisted of sugar and meat, not even any potatoes.

By chance I met Bill Shurtleff, a senior, and an organizer of ‘spiritual’ events at Stanford. He invited me to attend a lecture given by Shunryu Suzuki Roshi (Zen Master) at Tressider Memorial Union. What immediately struck me was not the concepts of Buddhism, but the light I felt emanating from Suzuki Roshi, very much like my experience with Richard Thorne. While everything and everybody else in the room was humdrum, Roshi practically glowed. I came up to him after the talk and was overwhelmed by his calm presence. I wanted to follow him; however, that was not the time. Of course, I had other influences as Stanford was a hotbed of spiritual, political, and philosophical studies. There was existentialism, Marxism, Buddhism, pacifism, et al. I was influenced directly by people such as Ira Sandperl, guru of non-violence, and

the anti-war/anti-mainstream culture singers, such as Joan Baez, Donovan, Bob Dylan, etc, but I felt Roshi, more than anyone, was “the real deal” and Buddhism made sense to me.

Bill told me about this Zen Macrobiotic Diet that claimed one could attain enlightenment by eating properly. I liked that idea, so I bought the book and soon was cooking brown rice in my room, eating three bowls a day. The effect was remarkable. I felt lighter and smarter, and my shit smelled sweeter. After one week, I quit my job at the Faculty Club and turned my back on the typical American diet.

One other event occurred that I remember. A psychologist named Fritz Perls had developed Gestalt Therapy, a radical kind of talk therapy. My druggy friends Larry Goldsmith and Timmy English had attended a Gestalt Therapy ‘workshop’ with Fritz Perls at Esalen Institute (at the hot springs resort where I first knew marijuana) and they were eager to try out gestalt therapy, even though they were thoroughly untrained and ignorant! I was their subject.

In the session, the therapist tries to divide the subject’s consciousness into the crucial oppositions in their life, then works to integrate them, i.e. create ‘gestalt’. Well, Timmy and Larry managed to manipulate my life contradictions so I was mentally split in two, but then were unable to form the gestalt, leaving me in a very tenuous and fragile state. I couldn’t eat, go to class, or even talk coherently. My worried friends tried to help me, but I was stuck in this strange schizoid state. Finally, I grabbed my sleeping bag, a pack, some food and water, and headed for the Santa Cruz Mountains, ending up in Portola State Park after walking all day. That night, after cooking my rice, I spread my sleeping bag and lay looking at the stars through the tree branches. I finally fell asleep, then was startled awake by something sniffing at my face. When I opened my eyes, I saw the jeweled eyes of a monstrous silver bear right in my face! I was absolutely terrified. I got up to see that a bright moon was out—the silver—and a pack of raccoons scurrying away—the bear. The next day I returned to my room and class, feeling completely normal.

The Vietnam War kept getting worse and worse, and its awfulness intruded on my life, as I received a notice to appear for a physical examination. About this time, I had made contact with members of the Draft Resistance movement. I had known

David Harris (the leader of Draft Resistance) from my Freshman year, Bill and Jeffery Shurtleff, as well as Timmy and Larry, all anti-war activists. I learned that the young men who had burned their draft cards had all been convicted of “destroying government property,” a charge which had nothing to do with the war. So, I wrote a nice letter to my draft board and sent it and my draft card back, saying, “I don’t want this anymore, thank you very much.”

We also sat in front of the busses at the Oakland Induction Center, and I spent twenty days in Santa Rita jail, which was an incredible learning experience—my bunk mate was a San Francisco longshoreman who had participated in the union strike that completely shut down San Francisco; there were luminaries of the anti-war movement who lectured on non-violent resistance. I learned a lot.

Back home, I was invited to a party at the Resistance’s safe house, what we called “The Mountain House” on Moody Road in Los Altos. I remember meeting some young draftees who were AWOL, how they smelled bad because of their fear. I also smoked some hasheesh.

The next morning, I climbed the hill back of Mountain House to watch the sun come up and sit *zazen* (sitting meditation), a practice I had adopted since meeting Roshi by attending morning meditation sessions at Haiku Zendo in Los Altos. At Santa Rita, I had read a little book about Zen, *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*. In the back were some guides to meditation from the Vedas. One in particular struck me: “In the moment as the breath turns from up to down, discover.” I sat and breathed for awhile, and carefully watching my breath turn from up to down, I discovered the turning and felt the world go completely, absolutely dark in my mind’s eye. Then, out of the darkness I saw brilliant light, which I thought of as a dwarf star. That light grew and grew until it dominated and filled my entire consciousness. In the midst of all this light, I heard thunderous words, “And know the knower.” Slowly that experience subsided, and I went back to eat breakfast and live my life. But everything had changed. I knew. I was the knower.

Chinese

After I lost my Bachelor of Science major my freshman year, I switched to History, and decided I would specialize in Latin American History because I had studied so much Spanish. After Spain and under the influence of LSD, I changed majors to Art and finally, to English. I did not do badly as an English major, but the classes were huge and the intellectual work seemed overly removed. We would not write about a work of literature, but rather discuss the criticisms of that work, and sometimes even criticisms of criticisms. I wanted to do something directly, and the only time I ever did so was when, faced with an imminent deadline about a book I had not even read, I took some speed. As I read the book (really a long short story by Faulkner called *The Old Man*), I took notes. Then, I thought to re-read the book and get its meaning. Of course I took more notes. I repeated this process all night long, and at the end, I had copied by hand the whole story several times over. Exhausted, I fell asleep, then in the morning typed out at one sitting the best work of my 'career'. I got an 'A'!

In spite of my little, drug-induced victory, I was dissatisfied with the English major and was considering dropping out of Stanford. One morning walking down the halls of the Old Quad, I noticed these big black doors and the label, Department of Oriental Studies. A little voice said, "Give it one more chance." So, I went through those doors. Classes were on ground floor, offices above. As I climbed the stairs, I saw that Japanese Studies were to the left and Chinese Studies were to the right. Now, one would suppose that due to my interest in Japanese Zen, I would go the left. I chose to go to the right because after every morning zazen there was always a short service in which we would all chant the Heart Sutra, the *Prajna Paramita Hridaya Sutra*. I loved that sutra. It had been written maybe two thousand years ago in India and transmitted to China, where it had gone on to Japan maybe a thousand years ago. To this day, the Japanese chant this Chinese sutra and they chant it in the Chinese of the T'ang Dynasty, much modified over time, but still Chinese and written in Chinese characters. So, for me to study the sutra, I needed Chinese, not Japanese. So, summer quarter of 1967, I signed up to be a Chinese major.

To catch up with the major, I enrolled in a summer intensive course where we would do the entire first year's Chinese in eight weeks. The Beta Chi house more or less closed during the summer, but I got permission to use the house's sleeping porch (a screened area with lots of bunks for hot weather) for the summer. I set up a rudimentary kitchen so I could cook my "zen macrobiotic" meals, and settled in. Pretty soon, a host of wastrels, students, and homeless druggies joined me on the sleeping porch. I was happy enough with the arrangement as they provided food and were happy enough with my communistic principles—the 'money jar' did not work out, but there was plenty of food.

Class was intensive. Soon, we were memorizing ten or more characters a day and speaking basic phrases. I loved it. I had always been good at learning languages and rote memorization. No more scratching my head about English literature criticism, just study and learn. I did well, pulling straight 'A's in tests and quizzes, and feeling comfortable with the language. Plus, I started recognizing characters in the heart sutra—the word 'heart' for one—as I chanted at Zendo services.

My sleeping porch cohort liked to smoke marijuana, as did many friends and acquaintances. Back in my LSD days, I used to wear bells on my sandals and sit on one of the lawns next to the fountain (Mem Claw). I would pull out my pipe, stuff it full of marijuana, and 'turn on' any passerby. My old Beta Chi roommate Mel had dropped out of Stanford to become a drug dealer, so I was always well supplied. Thus, I got a reputation as the go-to-guy for grass, even though I more or less had quit drugs. Well, the marijuana supply dried up and quite a few people approached me to get them some grass. They gave me money, almost two hundred dollars. Mel was long gone, but one of the porch guys had a connection in San Francisco, so a bunch of us drove up there to make the buy.

Peace Torch Marathon

Driving through the City, we noticed quite a commotion around Grace Memorial Cathedral. I was curious so I asked to stop and we all went in the church. The service was just ending, but I overheard words about 'come from Japan', and 'peace' and 'anti-war' and 'Washington' and 'marathon'. On the altar was a lit torch, a cylinder

about a yard tall. It was thin on the bottom, metal about the width of a baseball bat handle, and then wood until the flaming torch at the top (I learned later that the wooden case concealed a propane bottle). As I approached, I read the words, *Shr Jie He Ping*, ‘world peace’ in Chinese characters—and I knew those characters! There was more than a linguistic appeal, however, as I felt deeply connected and drawn to that torch.

As I was looking, some men in running gear came in and took the torch away. I turned to the dope connection guy and said, “I’m going with the torch. You take care of the buy.” I gave him the cash and just followed the torch out the door! (much later, I learned that the buy had gone wrong with the money stolen at gun point and my dooper friends convinced I had burned them).

Out on the street, I started to run in order to keep up with the torch. The procession, about ten formal runners and several others, ran through the streets of San Francisco and the way over the Golden Gate bridge to Sausalito. I ran all the way and watched the torch board a boat and sail to Berkeley on the other side of the Bay. I hitched a ride to Berkeley.

I made my way to another celebration for the torch at Berkeley Marina, then I joined a very large crowd that marched through the streets of Berkeley and up one of the canyons east of the city. I walked along with the Peace Torch hour after hour and gradually, the crowd diminished. Finally, there were only about three of us, and I got to carry the torch. Eventually, I was the only torch bearer as somehow the schedule got mixed up. I just kept walking up the mountain until around midnight, relief showed up and took over torch carrying. I got a ride to their base camp, got some food, and found a place to sleep.

The next morning after breakfast, I found out the plan, that the torch was going cross-country with a crew of sixteen, who would take turns carrying the torch night and day with support vehicles, including a van truck carrying food, stoves, water, and personals. I approached the Peace Torch Marathon leader, Richard Elmore, and asked him if I could join. He insisted that the crew was full, but I offered my services as a Zen macrobiotic cook, “I can get you across the country on fifty cents per person per day” I boasted. He accepted me. I acquired a few clothes and an ancient army surplus mummy bag then jumped on the truck.

Well, we carried that torch all across the country, hardly ever stopping, holding meetings and rallies along the way, protesting the War. The original sixteen dropped to twelve, then increased gradually until on the outskirts of Washington, we had several hundred people. I remember an evening when one of the Quakers remarked, “You seem to have stopped searching.” I smiled, of course—I’m a knower. What is there to seek?

When we arrived in Washington, we were the honor guard for the convocation at the Lincoln Memorial. I remember looking out at the many thousands of people lining the reflecting pool. I was delighted to meet the folk singers Peter, Paul, and Mary. Then, an old girlfriend from Stanford, Annette, I believe, found me, as a group of the Draft Resistance people had flown out for the March on the Pentagon, scheduled to happen later that day.

While I was standing close to Annette, a pair of Auschwitz survivors were speaking to the crowd, comparing the Vietnam War to the Holocaust. Security for the speakers was a ring of young men holding hands, keeping the space free. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw three burly skinheads break through the line. They rushed the speakers, knocking them and the microphones every which way. Then, they turned back through the crowd, holding their arms together to swing their elbows to smash people, football style, as they escaped. One headed right towards me. I thought, “We had better get out of the way,” but as he approached, the skills I had learned in judo class came into play, and without thinking anything, I pushed one of his shoulders and pulled the other, forcing him to the ground in a great ‘whump’. Again, without thinking, the skills I had learned in karate class came into play, and as we fell together, I broke my fall with a chop to his esophagus. I was on top of him, but he was out cold.

My brothers and sisters from Peace Torch came running up and Richard took command as we organized carrying him to the police. To my dismay, a number of ‘peace’ people ran up to try and hurt my captive (he was mine after all), and I felt a duty to protect him. I actually kicked (more karate) a fellow who was trying to scratch his eyes! I have always been quite proud of myself for taking down that Nazi, but really all I did was let my training do the work. In fact, ‘I’ had nothing at all to do with that little

victory. As I said, 'I' just wanted to get out of the way! In any case, I realized that even though I could not stop the Vietnam War, I could stop a Nazi.

We were supposed to lead the March on the Pentagon, but things quickly got out of control and the crowd rushed by us (eager to get their heads busted by the National Guard). So, once we crossed the bridge, we dropped to the side and someone got the idea to pass the hat. Later, I found out that they picked up about a thousand dollars, enough to get back to San Francisco. Me? I went to look for Annette, got lost in the crowd and never saw the Peace Torch Marathon again.

Getting back to California was an adventure in itself—the best part was getting a job in a Chicago pizzeria washing dishes. In that way, my Stanford education really did pay off...

Eventually, I found a place at the Draft Resistance communal house, the Peace and Liberation Commune in East Palo Alto. I got a job at a local bakery using skills I had picked up in the kitchen at Tassajara Resort and Zen Monastery. One day, an FBI agent showed up to interview me. He asked, "Why didn't I report for induction?" This was news because, even though I had planned to refuse induction, I had never gotten the notice. I told him so. He asked me if I had any words for the Federal Attorney. Rather unwisely, I said, "Tell him to do his worst!" Later, the government would charge me with "Failure to Report Change of Address."

For more than a year, I was a professional war protester, although I did bake a lot of bread and even some donuts. We made caravans all around California, and did our best to convince young men to refuse the draft. Often, I was the cook.

Going to Jail

Even though the anti-war, anti-draft movement was exciting, I missed my Zen practice. The visit by the FBI made me realize that I was probably headed to prison very soon. I felt a need to prepare myself, so I hitchhiked and walked back to (now called) Tassajara Zen Mountain Monastery. I asked Suzuki Roshi if I could stay and become a monk. He said, "No." Then I told him that I was probably going to prison and I wanted to solidify my Zen practice to better endure. He had suffered as an anti-war priest in Japan during WW II, so maybe this touched him because he said I could stay

“for awhile.” I thanked him and turned to leave. With my back to him, without warning he struck my shoulder with his roshi stick, quite hard. Startled, I turned around with my palms together (*gassho*), and asked, “What?” He said, “Oh, nothing,” and smiled.

I remember sitting *tan garyo* (big test), a custom from ancient monastic practices to test an applicants resolve. At that time, it meant sitting in zazen for three days straight (it had been five, but five was deemed to hard for most white Americans). In Buddhism, Zen takes two great concepts, *samata* (stopping) and *vipashina* (view). We start with samata, which involves calming the mind, ceasing mental activity, then proceed to vipashina, which involves the overview and compassion embodied by the great bodhisattvas. In my tangaryo, I proceeded quieting all mental activity, then even went on to quiet physical activity. At one point, I realized I could stop my heart! Soon after, the test was over, and I formally joined the monastery.

I worked in the kitchen cleaning pots; after the meal was over, the kitchen staff ate in a patio adjacent to the kitchen. I sat down next to this small, quiet Japanese monk and we began to talk. He was interested that I had studied Chinese, but I was most fascinated by how he would lick the tip of his finger and use it to pick up and eat all the stray bits of our meal left on the table. This turned out to be Kobun Chino Otogawa Sensei

(later Roshi), who would become my main teacher and master in the years to come. When Kobun lectured, it was hard to follow his English, so I ended up in a kind of half-sleep and I would dream of angels and buddhas in all kinds of colorful configurations. I also noticed that like Suzuki Roshi, Kobun glowed.

Tassajara was wonderful, but I knew I could not stay, and I decided to go back to school. My Chinese teacher had given me an ‘F’ for the summer course, but Stanford told me that if I could make that up by, maybe, going to Berkeley for a year, they would let back in. So, Fall Semester of 1968, I matriculated as a Chinese major at Berkeley. However, almost as soon as the first week of classes, the Third World Studies Strike began, and I felt obliged to join it—our resistance group had paid a visit to the Black Panthers in Oakland and they had endorsed our cause, so the least I could do was join theirs.

Riots are terrible things with lots of running, police batons hitting, things breaking. I was light, skilled, and strong, so I could run circles around the heavy, stupid police while stopping them from hitting protesters, but the “Blue Meanies” had the numbers and the arms. At one rally on the steps of Sproul Hall, Governor Ronald Reagan sent in the National Guard to disperse it. They had these infernally whining tear gas machines spouting smoke as they advanced. They also shot regular tear gas and it was my pleasure to throw them back. Finally, though, everyone had run away as I stood in the midst of tear gas fog, soldiers dimly in sight. I ran away, too.

Word came that the authorities (probably FBI) were looking for me and I should ‘get out of town’. I joined a band of anti-war hippies and draft resisters called “The Magic Show,” and we travelled around the Southwest in Beulah, an old school bus we converted into something like an RV. Coming into San Diego, we were pulled over and arrested for possession of marijuana (the police found three seeds in the bus, so the bust was bullshit all along, just a way to get rid of the hippies). After several days in San Diego County Jail, we were bailed out with a notice to appear in a week or so. There were about sixteen defendants in total, and the judge had each of us stand as the clerk called our names. This was unusual, but I figured out later that it was so the FBI could identify us because as I was standing outside smoking, about five agents surrounded me. One even stuck something hard in my back, a gun? Anyway, most of the others got off, but I went back to good old San Diego County Jail with the charge of “Failure to Report Change of Address.”

The Federal Public Defender counseled me to plead guilty, that the judge would go easy on me, that my parents wished this, but I was just confused. I had wanted to refuse induction—now, that was a crime I could get behind. But, failing to report my address was ridiculous. How could I even have reported a change? I felt that the government had both blindsided and cheated me. When I went before the judge, I looked out over the courtroom. I saw my Mom and Dad, but no friendly face, no draft resistance folk. So, I pled guilty, and I remember as I said those words, an inner light went out.

Jail

They say going to the army builds character. I say going to jail builds character. One learns to live without amenities and practicing austerities is the only way to survive. Wishing for something else only brings pain, so one learns to not wish, but to accept. Of course, there are bits that are not acceptable, and one learns when to struggle.

I remember three struggles. After the Feds moved me to Los Angeles (my draft board was in Orange County), I was put in a cell with five other men, all black. We got along well when they learned my crime, calling me “Buddha” because I sat meditation in the cell. One day going to chow, a very ugly, very black man stood right in my path. I had seen him, but did not know him at all. Nevertheless, he had picked me to be his butt buddy, as he said, “I am going to fuck you.” I said resolutely, “No you are not,” and was prepared right then to fight and die. He backed off, and I was proud of my great resolve until I turned and saw all my cellies standing close behind me. They literally “had my back.” I was deeply touched by this kind of solidarity.

I was moved to a big cell in Old County Jail with some forty men. I thought I had descended to Hell as there were cockroaches scurrying on the floors and walls, men screaming in terror and pain, and six of us were crammed into a two man cell. It is surprising, though, how quickly one becomes accustomed (“more’s the pity” my neighbor the bank robber said). I achieved a kind of respect in the cell block, first because of my crime, and second because of my solid Zen practice and proficient yoga exercises (they called me, “Yogi”). There was one little fellow who I learned was some kind of sex offender, the bottom of the bottom of the criminal hierarchy—it turned out that draft resistors were right below murderers and at par with bank robbers. Anyway, he was caught trying to stand on his head, and was surrounded by a pack of men jeering him. A fellow said, “Come here, yogi, you got to see this.” I went over, saw him standing on his head, and just turned and walked away. Curiously, my disdain for their jeering put an end to it.

Then there was Mr Glover, a very nice, dignified older black gentleman. I asked him what he was in for, and he replied, “Pills.” We spent a lot of time together, talking

religion and politics. One day at lunch while I was busy trading off the bologna meat in my sandwich for some spinach (I had maintained a vegetarian diet throughout my jail time, and had gotten skinnier and skinnier as a result), Mr Glover said to me, "Now, Tripp, God made that food and it is good. You eat that!" His command was absolutely right, I realized, and I ate my bologna sandwich. To this day, I practice the mantra, "Eat what is given."

After several months in Old County, I realized I was going numb. I could slap myself in the face and barely feel anything. I got a call for a visit. Thinking it was my parents, I was surprised to see Shannon Klein, a Beta Chi Senior when I first joined the fraternity. To pass the time, I had written lots of letters, taking advantage of the free stationery and stamps the jail provided. One had reached Beta Chi and my friend Graham Chapman. Graham felt an injustice was being done to me and organized a rescue. These fellows, all wealthy, got together bail money and hired a draft lawyer in LA (not Shannon, who was a corporate lawyer, of course). Shannon's visit was a test. First he asked, "Do you want to get out of here?" I nodded yes. Then, he asked, "Are you willing to take a loyalty oath?" Of course, I said. Then, he administered the same oath that the President and all constitutional officers take about defending the Constitution etc, to prove that I was a patriot, I guess, and not intending to overthrow the government! Still, it felt good to take the oath. Two days later, I was out of jail!

I built a set of bookshelves for my very nice lawyer to do my part. He deposed the president of Beta Chi to the effect that I had received mail at the fraternity for several years, that I continued to receive mail at the fraternity up to the present, that he had returned the draft notice after ten days if not deliverable as specified on the envelope, and that I had checked for mail when I returned from the Peace Torch Marathon. In other words, my lawyer told the government that their case did not hold water. They had to drop the charges.

The Federal attorney must have had a grudge against me because once the "change of address" charges were dropped, he filed charges against me for "Failure to Possess Proof of Registration," i.e. a draft card, which is a crime punishable with up to a \$10,000 fine and 5 years in prison. My lawyer easily fielded this indictment by contacting the ACLU, who happily took the case because it was a constitutional issue

that had never been tested. The government, fearing that a finding that the draft card requirement was unconstitutional would cripple their entire draft program, dropped the case. Because of the presence of the ACLU, my case had been 'kicked upstairs' to a senior Federal Attorney. That person returned a letter to my draft board saying that they should grant me Conscientious Objector status. Now, that Orange County draft board had never given anyone CO status. Thus, I never heard from them again.

When my legal problems were over, I did not feel free, but more determined to find my life path. To that end, I met a pretty woman, Sara Smith, then went back to Tassajara, only to have that woman come drag me back to daily life. We got married and I finished my year in Chinese and Buddhist Studies at Berkeley. Once I had the Chinese, Stanford let me back in with a full scholarship. A wealthy friend gave me the living money I needed, and I settled in to finish my BA. To my pleasure, I found that the apartment we found to rent in Los Altos was only two blocks from Haiku Zendo and my old teacher Kobun was now its chief priest.

My daughter, Lisa, was born in December, 1970, the birth attended by me, Kobun, and Kobun's wife, a nurse. I was pretty happy being a Dad and that little girl has been very good to me all my life. In June, 1971, I graduated with a BA in Chinese Language and Literature.

Finale

I could not get into graduate studies to pursue Buddhist Studies, probably because of my 'shady' past, so instead, I became a house carpenter. In spite of or because of all my experiences and good education, I chose the life of a tradesman, though I would also try my hand at farming, ranching, and eventually, computer programming and teaching. I never was interested in money as seeking money seemed to be an illusion, inimical to leading a worthy life of justice, peace, and understanding — the Eight-fold path precept of "Right Livelihood" has always driven me.

Still, I am fond of the many selves I have been, selves that got to know the knower, wash endless pots and dishes, cooked and baked for the multitudes, caused trouble, knocked down a Nazi, proclaimed truth, built a temple, spoke to people in their own languages, and taught many how to speak and use the English language. At least

one of those selves suffered several severe manic episodes caused by bipolar disorder with subsequent jail time, beatings, and torture, but that is a story for another relation.